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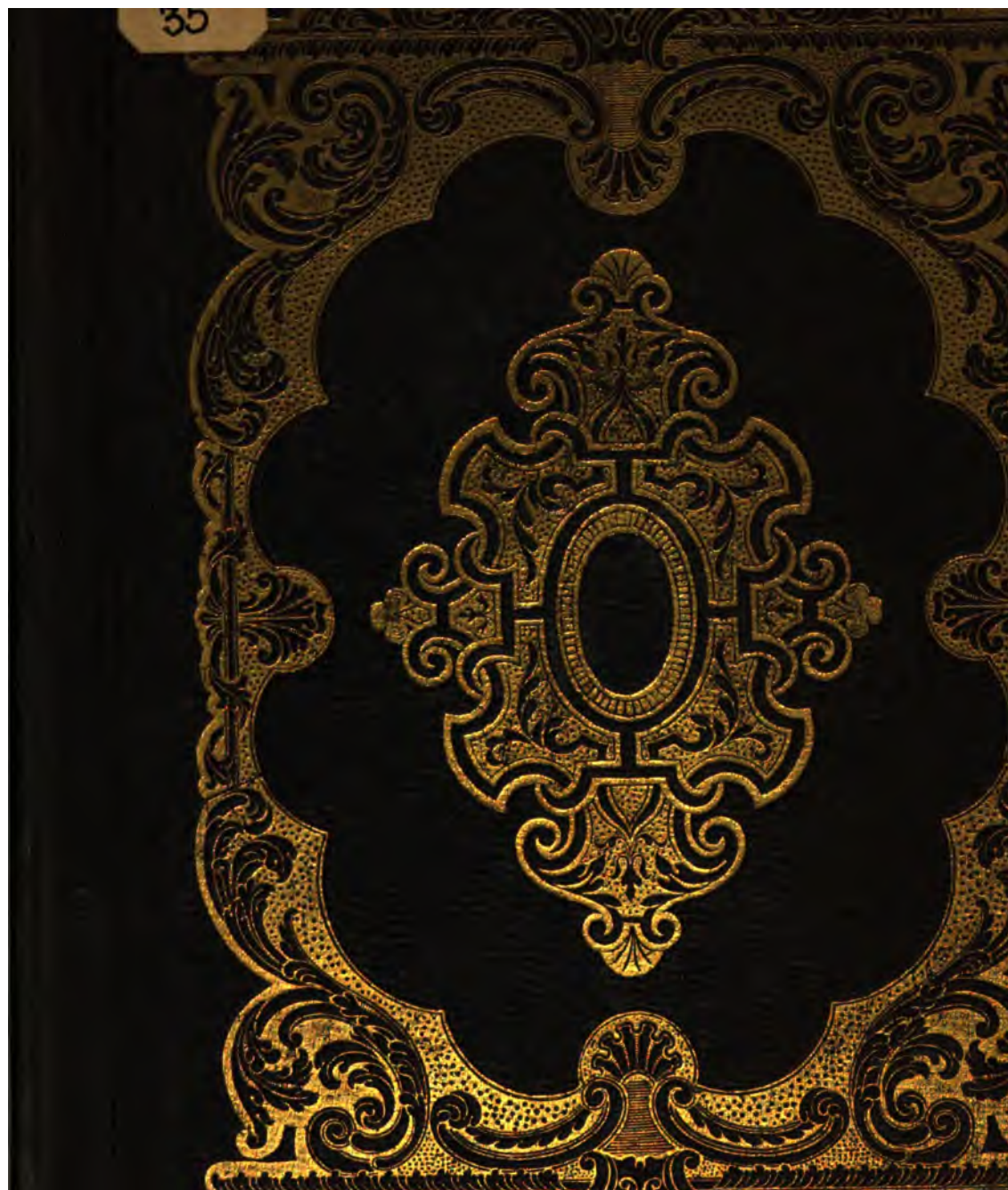
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Lep. 14436, 35







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{ Ancient Devotional Poetry. }

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# Devotional Poetry.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF  
THE XVI<sup>TH</sup> OR XVII<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY.

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London :

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY ;

*Instituted 1799.*

56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 68, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD;

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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M.DCCC.XLVI.

144~~76~~.35  
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1854-1870

1871-1880



## Preface.

**I**N the "Catalogue of the Collection of Manuscripts formed by the late Benjamin Heywood Bright, Esq.," sold in June, 1844, by Messrs. S. Leigh Sotheby, and Co., the article No. 186 is thus described :—

"Poems of the time of Queen Elizabeth, written in a beautiful clear hand on vellum ; they are of a religious character, and appear not to have been printed."

The Manuscript subsequently came into the possession of Mr. Rodd, of Newport Street, where it was seen by F. H. Dickinson, Esq., M.P. who mentioned it to the editor, as well deserving attention. The volume having been obtained from Mr. Rodd, it was shown to several persons well acquainted with the poetry and the manuscripts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They all concurred in expressing a high opinion of the merit of many of the pieces, and could not recollect having seen any of them in print. They were, however, upon the whole inclined to consider that the Manuscript was written in the beginning of the seventeenth century, rather than during the sixteenth ; although they, for the most part, admitted that there is



## Preface.

nothing conclusive against the poems having been productions of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as stated in the Catalogue of Mr. Bright. Mr. Rodd kindly gave all the information in his power relative to the Manuscript, and inclined to the opinion expressed in the Catalogue; but nothing farther could be elicited, as to the history of the Manuscript before it came into the possession of Mr. Bright.

In the course of these enquiries the editor showed the Manuscript to a clerical member of the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, who was much pleased with the fulness and clearness of the religious views set forth in the poems. He brought them under the notice of the Committee of that Institution, and it was resolved to print them, believing that by so doing an interesting document, illustrating the principles of the immediate successors of the English Reformers, would be preserved, and made known—a course especially desirable at the present day.

The Manuscript consists of sixty-nine leaves of vellum, measuring five inches and a quarter, by four inches. About seven leaves at the beginning, and one at the end, are wanting. This may account for the total want of anything to describe the contents, indicate the author, or settle the period at which the book was written. The poems that remain are an hundred and six in number, chiefly sonnets of fourteen lines each: they are here faithfully reprinted from the manuscript: it was the more desirable that they should thus be presented to the public, since no other copy is known to exist, and it does not appear that they have ever been printed.

## Preface.

The unusual forms in which many words in these poems are spelled, the use of *i* for *j*, and the interchange of *u* and *v*, give the language in which they are written an obsolete appearance; but it will be found on perusal, that it is obsolete in appearance only. But four words have occurred to the editor as quite out of use in modern times. The first is, *lyn*, or *lin*, to cease, stop, or desist, which occurs in Nos. XLII, LXXV, and XCVII. The second, although it is in Hall's Chronicle, was probably never in general use. It is *culpe*, in No. XLIV. As may be seen from the context, it signifies guilt or blame, and is a mere adaptation of the Latin *culpa*, or Norman French *coulpe*. The third is *shent* in No. LIII., from *shend* to condemn, blame, or disgrace. The fourth, *habitable*, in No. LXXIV, is a very old word for habitation.

*Maugre*, in spite of; *roome*, a place; *thrall*, a bondman; if out of use, have not yet ceased to be understood amongst us.

The other words which may possibly at first sight puzzle some few unpractised readers are of two kinds; words lengthened or contracted with a view to the metre or rhythm, and words spelled in ways which are now unusual. Of the first kind, the following are examples:—

brutest,	<i>for</i>	most brutish.
hests,	„	behests.
reave,	„	bereave.
gainst,	„	against.
quite,	„	requite.

*Dep. Lib.*  
*14436, 35*





## Preface.

every appearance of being a record of actual thought and feelings. I have no recollection of ever having heard Mr. Bright speak of this manuscript. He was very sagacious in finding out authors, but I think if he had found out this writer he would have mentioned the subject to me. I think the contents would well bear being printed in a little volume, and would, I have no doubt, gratify many persons, as the perusal of the poems in manuscript has gratified me."

Many other highly favourable opinions respecting these poems might be added, but it seems unnecessary to do so, nor has the editor considered it requisite to add any notes or remarks of his own: the poems speak for themselves more powerfully than anything that could be said respecting them. He quite agrees in the opinions expressed, and trusts that these poems will be read by many, with the same pleasure he has felt in transcribing them for the press.

G. S.



Turne thee o Lord vnto mine humble praier  
o bee not angrie with me euermore  
despise me not though I bee poore and bare  
but giue me some of thy great mercies store  
Mercie I sue for, mercie or I die .  
o shew some mercie for thy mercies sake  
Spare me o God Lo from the deepe I crie  
of my sicke soule o Lord some pittie take  
Heauenly Phisition poure thy balme of grace  
into my festred woundes o bee intreated  
if thou w<sup>th</sup> draw thy helpe a little space  
my hope and life will be vtterlie defeated  
Let mee not perish thou that neuer joyed  
to see a sinner in his syn destroyd : / Amen : /

Heare me Lord let my crieng win me some fauour  
from thee my Sainour  
Do not view what offences I haue comitted  
or good omitted  
But for the loue of him in whome thou art pleased  
heale me diseased  
Say to my soule o thou mine expectation  
I see thy saluation .

God hath provided meate and raiment mee  
and in due season stored mee w<sup>th</sup> both  
my cup doth overflow w<sup>th</sup> wine most sweete  
his plenteous dewes make mee shoote vp in growth  
My bones are full of marrow my limbs strong  
my wife (my zine) beareth mee kindly frute  
my ioyes increase my sorrowes are not long  
For God doth neuer leaue mee destitute  
Hee is my buckler, fortresse, and defence  
therfore I liue secure from hurt of foes  
and for in him I put my confidence  
my soule shall neuer tast eternall woes  
He is my God his power is ouer all  
he is my Saviour, how then can I fall?

A bisse of mercie, heare the crie  
of me th' abisse of miserie  
Couer my simes I thee entreate  
put me not from thy Mercie-seate  
till thou remitt offences past  
Let not thine anger euer last

Some of the Virgin most immaculate  
who to sett ope the heauenlie Kingdomes gate  
to true beleeuers diddest tread alone  
the winepresse and so God and man attone.  
O let one drop of that most pretious iuice  
w<sup>ch</sup> from thy side did flow as from a sluice  
fall to my share one drop will satisfie  
my soule O Lord do not a drop deme  
Giue to my thirstie soule y<sup>e</sup> waites on thee  
a tast how sweete thy sauing mercies bee  
Giue for I meritt not my faithrelies  
on thy free grace w<sup>ch</sup> neuer did despise  
the sinner that repented and forsooke  
the euill waies that formerly hee tooke.

The poore in Spirit y<sup>e</sup> know their misery  
whost contrite harte for their transgressions grone  
a word of helpe elswhere, for succor say  
to him y<sup>e</sup> heartely prayeth euen God alone

Gods word call's blessed & affirms more o're  
y<sup>e</sup> vnto such his Kingdome doth belong  
Therefore my soule prostrate at Merries doore  
woefully beg reliefe w<sup>ch</sup> groned most strong



The birds <sup>th</sup> here so merily do sing,  
 & make the woods w<sup>th</sup> their sweete carolls ring,  
 me thinkes to meete to praise w<sup>th</sup> one accord,  
 thy allmightie power of thine most gracious Lord,  
 who made them, & w<sup>th</sup> plenty feeds them all,  
 from the greates Eagle, to the Nightingall:  
 Then rise my soule, my harpe & voice awake,  
 before the day to God confession make,  
 sing a new song, extoll his providence,  
 & magnify his great beneficence,  
 Let both thy Violl & thy Lute resound,  
 what Grace in thy distresses thou hast found,  
 Begin thou first & thou shalt quickly see,  
 the Cherubims & Seraphims agree,  
 & ioyne their voices to his Spheres sweete sound,  
 to make thy beauty & state Gods praise resound,  
 O joy! when Angells ioyne w<sup>th</sup> us to sing,  
 the praises due to our immortall King.

I.



P, sluggish Soule, awake, slumber no more,  
this is no time to sleepe in sin secure;  
If once the Bridegroomē passe and shutt the dore  
no entrance will be gaind, thou maist bee sure.  
Now thou art vp fill vp thy lampe with oile,  
hast thee and light it at the fire of loue;  
Watch, and attend, what is a litle toile  
to gaine thee entrance to the ioies aboue.  
Go, meete the Bridegroome with low reuerence,  
humbly with patience waite vpon his grace,  
Follow his steppes with loue and diligence,  
leauē all for Him, and only Him embrace,  
So shalt thou enter with him into rest,  
and at his heauenlie table sit and feast.

II.



Y soule, enformed by the heu'nlye truth  
of the great danger that of syn insu'th,  
Wisheth to walke the right thought narrow way,  
and leaue these by-pathes leading to decay.  
But ah! my corrupt nature spurnes at this,  
And to my soules desire such hindrance is,  
that every sparke of good deuotion  
shee quencheth (ere it kindles) with the motion  
of sloth, or gaine, or pleasure that is vile,  
In wretched case poore Soule thou liu'st the while  
enclos'd in prison of thy flesh and bloud,  
That seest, knowst, wishest, lou'st, yet want'st thy Good.

III.



H! how dare I, so foule, so ouglie stained,  
before God's pure cleare Deitie appeare!  
his Image, O how haue I entertained!

how lost! his talent how abused here!

From of my neck I shooke his easie yoke,  
and turn'd a rehell gainst his holy will;  
my hart was hardned like a hart of oke,  
and did presumptuouslie encline to ill.

Thus are my actions and my thoughts defild,  
thus vice enioyes the fortresse of my hart,  
thus peace of conscience is from mee exild,  
and darknes crept into my better part:

From head to foote there is no health in mee,  
nor neuer was, O that there once might bee!

IV.

**Y**OU carelesse worldlings that securely passe  
your liues in sin, not dreaming of your end,  
O make the law of God your looking-glasse,  
that you may see your foulnesse and amend.  
Behold your selues, how much your liues digresse  
from the iust rule of Gods most perfect lawe ;  
O wallow not in such vile filthinesse,  
Let not vaine gawds your minds from God withdrawe,  
For lo ! the howre approcheth when the Sonne  
attended on by millions of blest spiritts,  
shall in great glory vnto iudgment come,  
and render euery man his iust demeritts,  
Vnto the wicked neuer-ceasing paine,  
but to the iust glory that nere shall waine.

V.



ACH creature in the sea, the earth, the skye,  
retornes his tribute to th' eternall power,  
and for his benifitts doth magnifye  
the mightie name of God our Sauour.  
And as the boundlesse ocean of his loue  
sends them forth bounteous tides of preservation,  
So they againe to him their center moue,  
and send back streames of thanks and inuocation,  
And shall I barren and vnfruitefull land,  
into whose bosome his sweete seed is cast,  
in steed of cropp retorne him nought but sand,  
giuing his Holy Spiritt a iust distast ?

O let me neuer so ingratefull proue,  
to Him in whome I liue, exist, and moue.

VI.



HAT though I did possesse the greatest wealth,  
though I were clad with honor and a crowne,  
and all my few and euill daies had health,  
though no calamitie did pluck me downe ?

2. What, if in sensuall pleasures I did swym,  
which mortall men account their cheifest blis ?  
what good shal't be for me when death with him  
brings a diuorce from life, t' haue had all this ?
3. What plague wilt bee, for me when raisd againe  
out of the bed of death, I must accompt  
for thousand thousand faults and errors vaine,  
that will to a number numberlesse amount ?
4. Before a Judge whose angrie breath can burne  
this whole round globe of earth, fire, water, aire,  
and all their glory into ashes turne,  
that had these things allotted to their share.

Ancient Devotional Poetry.

5. Words serue me not, nor thoughts though infinite,  
to write or to imagine sinners paine,  
or the least torment that on them shall light,  
that this worlds loue preferr before heauens gaine.
6. Then couet not, mine eies, worldly delight,  
Bewtie, great riches, honor, and the rest,  
which if you had would but bereaue my spright  
of the immortall ioyes I am in quest.
7. I am a pilgrim warriour bound to fight  
vnder the Red-crosse, gainst my rehell will,  
and with great Godfrey to employ my might,  
to win Jerusalem and Sion hill.
8. More glorious is it in that war to dye,  
then surfett with the worlds base delectation,  
since this, when death shall shutt our mortal eye,  
for meede shal haue eternall condemnation :  
But that not death, but life a passage is  
into a kingdome of perpetuall blis.



VII.



HE roring Lion full of serpents guile,  
sometime by force, sometimes by fraud, assaies  
to swallow vp my soule. Alas, the while  
his strenght and cunning foiles me many waies!

2. Mean while the world with her deceiuing show,  
faining to honor and to pleasure mee,  
seekes nothing ells but my sad ouerthrow,  
and when she smiles doth soonest iniure mee.
3. And not thus only is my soule opprest,  
but euen my flesh with them plotts and conspires,  
how I might be eternally distrest,  
and they triumph, fulfilling their desires.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

4. Thus do they three ioyne all their force in one,  
to bind me with a triple twisted cord ;  
but O, my God ! my strenght and hope alone  
can set me free if he but say the word.
5. And that he would vouchsafe such gracious aide,  
poure forth thy humble praiers, my soule, with speede ;  
O doubt not, weake of faith, bee not dismaide,  
hee is our only helpe at time of neede.

VIII.




URNE back, my soule ! that path leades to the graue,  
though it seeme pleasant, easy, profitable:  
Beware ! vnder those flowers so fresh and braue  
there dwells destruction ineuitable.

2. What though thou see myriades of worldly men  
that walke with pleasure in that beaten way,  
Follow them not : But O turne thou agen,  
retire from sin while it is calld to-day.
3. The stepps thou wentest outward with delight,  
in thy retorne bedew with brinish teares ;  
In token of a hart broke and contrite,  
that for his sins a dolefull liuery weares.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

4. Open the flud-gates of thy sinfull eies,  
and where thou most reioyst, there most lament ;  
let saddest grones and neuer ceasing cries,  
helpe thy sad hart earnestly to repent.  
Weepe bitterly, this is the Vale of teares,  
where cause of sorrow at each stepp appeares.

IX.

EARE not, my soule, thy teares-bedewed praier,  
and thy repentant sighes, shall haue accesse  
before the throne of heauen. Beleeue, God cares  
for mortall men, and would their happinesse.

2. The Angells waite, and offer vp the cries  
of soules that do repent of their amis ;  
a broken hart is a sweete sacrifice,  
whose sauour at Gods hand accepted is.
3. From him thy praier shall not returne in vaine,  
hee is so mercifull, so kind, so good ;  
from true conuerts hee doth not long detaine  
the riches of his loue and pretious blood.
4. Was not sicke Hezikiaths praier heard ?  
or did his bitter teares fall vnrespected ?  
nor praier nor teares were of their entrance bard,  
both praier and teares being so well directed.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

5. Swifter then swiftnesse vp to heauen they flew,  
and to the eares of God they were presented,  
who swift to heare his seruant humbly sew,  
thus by his prophets mouth his dome relented.
6. I heard thy praier (said hee) and eke thy teares,  
and where with sicknesse thou wert visited,  
Behold ! I make thee whole, and fifteene yeares  
thy life vpon the earth bee lenthened.
7. Dispaire not, then, but with loud crieng craue,  
that from the staine of sin thou maist bee free,  
And from the vault of heauen an ECCHO haue,  
bee free ! O hart, soule, voice in one agree.  
Importune all together to obtaine  
that sweete reuiuing comfort in your paine.

X.



HENCE! hence, distracting care of earthly thing,  
hence, base distrust of Gods great providence,  
the little birds that can do nought but sing,  
haue plenteous foode from his beneficence :  
Is he to litle birds so gracious Father,  
and shall wee children want our daily food ?  
we that haue meanes to sow, to reape, to gather,  
shal we make question of his bountihood ?  
Nay ; though meanes faile, yet will we not dispaire ;  
Eagles haue fed his children ; his elect  
eate Manna in the desarts that were bare ;  
he multiplied the oile of the Sarept.  
He gave vs bodies not to starue and perish ;  
he gaue vs life, which doubtles hee will cherish.

XI.



WHO shall rid me from these guiltie feares,  
that haunt my soule for her iniquitie ?  
Or who shall lend mee springs of brinish teares,  
to mone enough her foule captiuitie.

Where may I go, or whether may I flye,  
some comfort in this anguish to obtaine ?  
Is there no balme that gold or loue may buy,  
to poure into my woundes, t'aswage my paine ?  
This greife I do sustain's intollerable,  
my poore weake soule cannot indure it long ;  
Ah, woe is mee, of men most miserable,  
in whome faith's weake and dire despaire most strong.

O Lord, all good, that know'st mee in this case,  
can there be fitter subiect of thy grace ?



XII.



Y bad deserts, so many and so great,  
when I consider, I begin to doubt,  
whither I can obtaine the grace I entreat,  
to haue them cleane forgiu'n and blotted out.

But yet againe when I do call to mynd  
the power of that most blessed Sacrifice,  
Which on the Crosse was offred for mankind,  
to free vs all from Sathans cruelties.

My soule is strenghtned and confirmd with faith,  
that what I (most vnworthy) merit not :  
The eternall Preist for me obtained hath,  
a free remission both from paine and spot.

XIII.



HAUE no will nor power to keepe thy lawe,  
for I am dead in ignorance and syn,  
and if thou leaue me and thy grace withdraw,

hells mouth stands ready to receiue me in.

O therefore, gracious and powrefull Lord,  
now magnifie thy power and sauing grace,  
and by the virtue of thy allmightie word,  
breath a new spirit of life into my face.

That from this time vnto my dieng day,  
I may become in soule and bodie thine ;  
aye walking (by thy grace) that holy way,  
that leadeth to thy mantion diuine,

Where, being arriv'd, with ioy I may record,  
in hymnes and songs thy glory, O my Lord.

AMEN.

XIV.



BEING a thrall to sin, a slaue to sence,  
a bondman to the Diuell, how can I  
looke vp to heau'n ? much lesse deriue from thence  
compassion of my bonds and misery.

2. Neuer shal I find comfort in my spirit,  
but in perpetual anguish liue tormented,  
if mercy pleade not for me more than merit,  
for I to sin and Sathan haue consented.
3. Laboring as a hireling to obtaine  
the cursed wages of transgression ;  
euen death of soule, and bodies endlesse paine,  
at the last dreadfull general Session.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

4. Which O vndoubtedly must bee my neede,  
if I be censured as I do deserue,  
but Mercy neuer failing at my neede,  
my drooping faith doth from despaire preserue,  
and bids me hope that I by Christ shal see  
my sinn's forgiu'n, and God at peace with mee.

XV.



WHEN I suruey the state of that account  
which I must render at the audite day,  
before the Judge whose powre doth all surmount,  
and from whose knowledge nothing's hid away.

2. I am with feare and shame confounded quite,  
my powres dissolue, no sence in me appeares ;  
my hart doth tremble, and my wretched sprite,  
her loathed mation willingly forbear.
  
3. O, if the bare idea of that day  
doth thus affright my soule, what shall I do  
when th' instant time arriues ? what shal I say ?  
what place to hide shal I fly vnto ?

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

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4. Ah, foole ! no place hides from th' alseing eie,  
no coynd excuse can blind his serching spirit ;  
but that th' vniust shal haue their iust demerit.

The while the saints shal with the Lambe ascend,  
to inherit ioy which neuer shal haue end.

XVI.



ALTHOUGH our bodies, Lord, on th' earth abide,  
yet are our soules fixt vpon heauen thy seate,  
begging for grace, which neuer was denied  
to any that with faith did it entreate.

2. We know, O Lord, thy power and mightnesse,  
how all was made, and is preseru'd by thee ;  
wee know likewise our great vnworthinesse,  
and do confesse no good in vs to bee.

3. So that we durst not thee our father call,  
nor vs thy sonnes, a name most gracious,  
but that thy grace most free and liberall,  
hath to this dignity adopted vs.

4. Wee were, alas ! captiues to deadly syn,  
children of wrath, heires of perdition ;  
Rebels to thee, and so had euer byn,  
but that thy mercy mended our condition.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

5. For by the death of Jesus, our deare Lord,  
from syns and Sathans bondage we are freed ;  
Death's sting's abated, Hell, so much abhord,  
is ouercome, and thou with vs agreed.
6. By faith and baptisme in his holie name,  
we are made members of our Sauour,  
who tooke our flesh, and to vs hether came,  
to saue beleeuing soules from Sathans powre.
7. So didst thou visit and redeeme thy sheepe ;  
so didst thou loue the world that lou'd not thee ;  
so didst thou raise the fall'n, so didst thou keepe  
thy Spouse, though black, from Sathans tyranny.
8. Yblessed be thy holy name for euer,  
let euery knee and hart most humbly bend,  
and magnifie thy mercie, failing neuer  
to cherish those that on thy word depend.

**AMEN.**



XVII.



CURSED syn ! O wound, O shame, O stayne !

O leprouse ougly spott, because of you  
my soule doth feele the smart of hellish payne,  
the hire that for your guiltinesse is due.

How greuous is this torture vnto mee,  
I hate myselfe that stoopt to such base lure,  
And, for I was forewarnd and did not flee,  
eternall torment I deserve t' indure.

Thus I arraigne myselfe, thus sentence give,  
on thy behalf, O God, most good, most iust,  
I neuer did, nor can deserve to liue,  
there is no health in mee whereon to trust.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

Yet ô, my soule, take heede do not dispaire,  
thy leprosy, though great, is not past cure ;  
of salt repentant teares a bath prepare,  
and wash therein all that sin made impure.

Unfainedly lament thy life bypast,  
confesse thy sinnes, and humbly beg remission ;  
and feare not though God tarry, yet at last  
hee will both heare and grant thy soule's petition.

XVIII.



TURN E thee, ô Lord, vnto mine humble praier,  
ô bee not angrie with me euermore ;  
despise me not, thoughe I bee poore and bare,  
but giue me some of thy great mercies store.  
Mercie I sue for, mercie, or I die ;  
ô shew some mercie for thy mercie's sake.  
Spare me, ô God, Lo from the deepe I crie ;  
of my sicke soule, ô Lord, some pittie take.  
Heauenly Phisition, poure thy balme of grace  
into my festred woundes, ô bee intreated,  
if thou w<sup>d</sup>draw thy helpe a litle space,  
my hope and life will be vtterlie defeated.  
Let mee not perish, thou that neuer joyed  
to see a sinner in his syn destroyd.

AMEN.

XIX.



FROM the lowe dungeon whereinto I fell,  
when I offended thy great Maiestie,  
euen from the very gates of hatefull hell,  
my soule to the incessantly doth crye.  
ô God almightie and most mercifull,  
remember not the follies of my youth,  
thinke on thy mercies and bee pittifull,  
at length draw back thine ire that me pursu'th.  
If thy feirce anger's heate bee not allaid  
with the coole streames of mercie, wretched I  
must perish here and euerlastinglie ;  
ô then, my God, who nere deniedst thy aide  
vnto the penitent that sought to thee,  
forgiue my debt, for Christ's sake sett me free.

AMEN.

XX.



LORD ! let my praier and meditation  
be acceptable in thy gracious eies,  
Bee this my humble inuocation,  
as a sweete-smelling euening sacrifice ;  
For the deare merits of my Sauour,  
let it ascend before thy merci-seate,  
and not descend from thine eternall bowre,  
vntill it haue obtaind what I-entreate ;  
Euen free remission of my sinnes comitted,  
with grace henceforth my waie so to direct,  
that I may do the good I haue omitted,  
and shun the ill I did so much affect ;  
from henceforth, in comparison of thee,  
Let this world seeme (as 'tis) but dung to mee.

AMEN.

XXI.



GRATIOUS and allmightie, o bee pleasd  
to turne thine eie of sweete compassion  
vpon my soule thats mortally diseasd,  
regard her with comiseration.

Extend thy pittie to mee, wretched wight,  
naked of all desert, vnsound all ouer.

Cure me, o Lord, and rectifie my spright,  
and with free pardon my offences couer :

For lo ! my soule is contrite and laments  
that euer I rebelld 'gainst thy comaund ;


I sighe, and grone, and nothing mee contents,  
for shame to thinke my sinns before thee stand ;

They call for vengeance to bee poured vpon mee,  
but o, forbear to grant their iust request ;

I cry aloud, my God haue mercy on mee,  
a greuous sinner piteously distrest ;

Be deafe vnto my sins, but heare my cry,  
that I may liue, and that my sinnes may dy.

XXII.

LMIGHTIE Father, since a sinner's cries  
and teares-bedewed praiers haue the power  
to penetrate and to ascend the skies,  
where thou doest sitt in thine eternall bower;  
O grant a gracious hearing of my greife,  
and when it please thee send mee some releife.

Shut not thine eares, nor spurne at my request,  
thoughe I in iustice haue deseru'd no lesse,  
and thoughe I haue contemned thy behest,  
and wallowed in foule sin and wickednesse,  
Yet let my sighings haue a free accesse,  
to moue compassion of my wretchednesse.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

Euen for thy swete Son Jesus Christ his sake,  
who gaue his life that wee might liue for aye,  
haue mercy on mee, ô some pittie take,  
on mee a sinner, humbly I thee praye ;  
For mercy dwels w<sup>th</sup> thee, and thou wilt heare  
the humble sinner's sute w<sup>th</sup> gracious eare.

Gratiously heare the praiers I make before thee,  
with pittie veiwe the sorrowes of my hart,  
shew mercy to the soule that doth adore thee ;  
ah, comfort me, a new but true convert ;  
Assure me of thy pardon for what 's past,  
And keepe mee spotlesse while my life doth last.

AMEN.



XXIII.

**M**Y 'sinnes stand like a wall, to stop th' accesse  
of any praiers that from my soule ascend ;  
my spirit is 'at the brinck of deepe distresse,  
(comfortles,) fearing her vnhappy end.

ô thou that seest my sorrowes manifold,  
and canst reviuë my spirit from deathes sad thrall,  
on whom my Faith (although nigh dead) takes hold,  
to scape sad sentence at thy tribunall :

Breake downe the wall that doth debar thy grace  
from comforting this wretched soule of mine ;  
ô come, and clense thy Temple of disgrace,  
burne out her drosse till she [is] pure and fine ;

And that shee neuer turne to vse prophane,  
Seate thy sweete Spiritt in her, aye to remaine.

AMEN.

XXIV.

**U**Y sin, as red as scarlet, thou, ô Lord,  
canst make far whiter than Riphean snowe,  
if of thy goodnesse thou woldst once afford  
to wash mee in the streames that from thee flowe ;  
O when shall I poore wretch obtaine such grace,  
when shall my bondage turne to free estate ;  
Lord, why not now ? euen in this time and place,  
Let pittie thy just rigor mittigate :  
And for thy only Son my Sauour's sake,  
purifie with thy spirit this sinfull masse ;  
O thou that all things didst of nothing make,  
shew forth thy power, and let it come to passe,  
That of a sinner, I may henceforth bee  
a Saint, and liue and die to honor thee.


AMEN.

XXV.

**A**GAINST my selfe, lo ! freely I confesse,  
I am the greatest sinner euer was,  
my daily trespasses are numberlesse,  
I cannot beare their burden, oh, alas !  
Woe's mee that euer I did giue consent  
to do those things for which my soule doth mone ;  
Woe's mee that I haue ben so negligent,  
to leaue vndone those things I ought t'haue done.  
Ah, Lord ! behold my anguish, see my paine ;  
my contrite hart's sad grones with pittie heare ;  
and what I do not merit to obtaine,  
giue for the meritts of my Sauour deare ;  
Euen grace to leaue my sin, and cleaue to thee,  
and that thy peace may euer dwell with mee.

AMEN.

XXVI.

INCE, Lord, by my creacōn I am bound,  
to serue thee, my Creator, grant mee grace,  
that sayling through this world where sins abound,

I steere my course right to thy holy place ;  
ō let not that Leuiathan my foe,  
that raging seekes to drown mee in th'abbisse ;  
nor yet the Siren world with flattring show,  
hinder m'arriuall at the Port of blis.

But for the glory of thy mightie arme,  
guide thou my slender vessell in the deepe ;  
and then nor rocks, nor sands, shall do me harme,  
safe is the soule whome thou vouchsaft to keepe.

Take heed to mee, ō Lord, least in a trice,  
I perish whome thou boughtst with so deere price.

XXVII.

**A**FTER the multitude of thy compassions,  
haue mercy, Lord, on mee, most wretched wight,  
Call not to mind the great transgressions,  
my frailty hath comitted in thy sight ;  
But ô forgiue mee for my Sauour's sake,  
restore the sheepe once strayed, now penitent.  
Exclude me not, let me, ô Lord, pertake,  
of thy sweete mercy to my soule's content.  
And though my sins seeke to divert thy grace,  
from clensing this vnworthy soule of mine,  
Yet, ô deere Father, make them to giue place,  
and with thy Spirit my earthly drosse refine,  
that purified from guilt, I may retaine  
thy image, neuer to bee soild againe.

AMEN.

XXVIII.



BEE not wroth if I vile dust bee bold,  
my humble suite before thy throne t'unfold,  
If I, surcharg'd with syn-bred misery,

Fly vnto thee, my soule's sole Sanctuary.

It was thy inuitation did excite me :

thou cal'dst, I come, trusting thy grace will quite mee,

As euer thou didst sinners suite attend

a gracious eare now to my praier lend.

Behold my soule captiu'd in Sathan's band,

pressed with sins in number as the sand,

Vnder their burden lies at point to die,

for euer if thou Lord thy helpe denie.

O thinke vpon thy wonted grace, and grant

some spirituall comfort to releiue my want,

Looke not vpon my sinnes which mee displease,

but veiw my sorrowes, and afford mee ease ;

Take of this burthen which I cannot beare,

And with thy hand of mercy mee vpreare.

AMEN.

XXIX.



OUR fathers, Lord ! in troublous times repaired  
vnto thy mercy seate for their releife,  
and there by faith obtained to bee spar'd.

Now wee their sonnes strenghtned with like beleife,

Humbly confessing our vnworthinesse,

Sue for like grace from thy almightinesse.

Our hope vpon thy promise doth relie

our soules depend vpon thy word alone ;

ô therefore let thy mercie heare our crye,

and send vs comfort thoughe wee meritt none,

Wee are vnworthy, yet to make vs free

Our Sauour's meritts do sollicite thee.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

Regard vs for our Intercessor's sake,  
thine onely Sonne, in whome thou art well pleas'd ;  
ô let his suffrings thy feirce anger slake,  
that our afflicted consciences may b' eas'd ;

Thy peace we seeke, thy peace all ioy emparts ;  
Speake peace, ô Lord, vnto our troubled harts.

**AMEN.**



XXX.



WEETE are thy testimonies, ô my Lord,  
enriching vs with hope of blisse eternall,  
thy seruants that depend vpon thy word,  
feare not the malice of the feind infernall.

2. Thou art the Sheild that doest protect from spoile,  
the humble sinner trusting in thine aide,  
whome maugre syn and hell thou doest assoile,  
thy greatnesse maketh not the meeke afraid.
3. Therefore the Sinner penitent and sad,  
the bruised reede, seekes thee in time of greife,  
Thou hast the treasure that can make him glad  
with thee, ô Lord, is plentifull releife.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

4. O then when I in trouble call to thee,  
or on my death-bed sue to thee for grace;  
Heare me from heauen (sweete Lord,) and pittie mee,  
and send me comfort from thy holy place;

That I nor faint nor doubt, but cheerly die,  
trusting to liue with thee eternallie.

AMEN.

XXXI.



PROSTRATE before thy throne of grace I fall,  
wailing my sinnes comitted in thy sight,  
Lamenting that I made myselfe a thrall  
to Sathan, and declined from the right;  
O to thy prostrate seruant turne thy face.  
with mildnesse heare my praier, ô Sauour deere,  
open the treasures of thy sauing grace;  
and with free pardon my sad spiritt cheere.  
O let thy Holy Spiritt reside in mee,  
and henceforth guide thy seruant in his way,  
that I may leaue these paths that turne from thee,  
and find the truth, which found I may obey;  
So be it, eternall God, in persons three,  
who neuer failest them that trust in thee.

XXXII.



Y Soule with ardent loue of thee inflam'd,  
to thee, ô Lord my God, I do lift vp,  
begging that for my sinnes I bee not sham'd,  
let me not drinke, ô Lord, of sinners' cup.  
Turne toward mee thy fatherlie aspect,  
pittie thy poore and humble suppliant ;  
ô heare my praiers which I to thee direct,  
and for thy mercie's sake some fauor grant ;  
Thoughe I vnpure and leprous sinner bee,  
deseruing nought but condemnation,  
yet let thy mercy once more sett mee free,  
and bee to mee the rock of my saluation,  
So shall I constant bide in holy waies,  
and for thy mercie giue thee eternall praise.

AMEN.

XXXIII.



EE thou more mercifull then I deserue,  
els shall I die confounded in my shame ;  
o saue thy Creature that can nought but swerue,  
and with my dailie trespasse purchase blame.  
Remember not the frailties of my youth ;  
for if thou doe I needes must die for euer.  
Bee merciful to him that humblie su'th,  
and loues thy law and would therein perseuer ;  
I would, if thou of thy abundant grace,  
with heau'nly giftes woldst answere my desire,  
I cannot say, I will, thy will take place ;  
ô let it be thy will my hart t'enspire,  
that with thy gifts, Faith, Hope, and Loue, I may  
thy due of seruice and my duety pay.

AMEN.

XXXIV.



HUMBLY before thy Mercy-seate I throw  
my poore soule, sick to death of deadlie syn,  
In all humility my greifes I show,  
hoping I may with praiers pittie wyn.  
For thus thy Spirit within mee cries to thee,  
Father, I know thou canst, and hope thou wilt,  
release mee of this burthen, Pittie me  
for thy Sonne's sake, let not my soule be spilt;  
But worke, ô Gracious, by thy loue a wonder  
where syn hath, let thy mercie there abound;  
Grant that nothing in heauen and earth do sunder  
my soule from thee: now the lost sheepe is found,  
Least from thy feare I stray abroad in sin,  
Restore mee to thy fold, and lock mee in.

AMEN.

XXXV.



HOLD thy hand, thou vpright Judge of all,  
spare th'execution of a wretched wight;  
although my Conscience witnesseth my fall,  
and all my faults appeare before thy sight.  
Yet stay thy hand for thine owne mercies sake,  
and looke vpon my Sauour, thy deare Son :  
Heare him that to redeeme me from the lake  
of hell so many woes hath vndergon.  
Heare how hee intercedeth for vs all ;  
Father, forgiue them, ô since hee doth dayne  
to mediate for vs that are in thrall,  
vouchsake release from our deserued paine,  
That we, freed from our sins by thy free grace,  
may praise thy name within thy holy place.

AMEN.

XXXVI.



Lord, thou knowst how ignorant and blind,  
in all good things my feeble nature is,  
So that vnles thou doest enlight my mind,  
the way to please thee I shall surely mis.  
Shine on me therfore with thy heauenly light,  
that I may see to walke thy holy waies,  
and neuer may digresse from what is right;  
but in thy seruice spend my rest of daies.  
And though my great and hainous sins are more  
in number then the sands that paue the seas,  
and euery one able to shut the dore  
against my praier, ô Lord, yet let not these  
Eclipse thy light from me, but with thy raies  
breake through, and quicken him that els decaies.



XXXVII.



FATHER eterne, almightie, mercifull,  
though daily wee prouoke thee vnto ire,  
ô do not quite vs sonnes vndutifull,  
as wee deserue and iustice doth require.

But after thine owne goodnes pittie show  
to vs poore Captiues in this Gaole of syn,  
that are with greife consumd ny dead with woe,  
for Jesus' sake ô let vs pittie win.

With humble contrite harts, with grones we cry,  
Saue vs, ô Lord, most gracious, from the hands  
of the old Serpent our Arch-enimie,  
Lleau not our soules in his tormenting bands.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

Hasten wee pray thee to deliuer vs,  
that were redeem'd with Christ's most pretious blood ;  
Let not our sins many and greueous,  
keepe back thy mercie that should do vs good ;

But visite and redeeme vs, gracious Lord!  
and from the power of darknes set vs free ;  
For lo, our soules depend vpon thy word,  
and looke for no saluation, but of thee :

We do beleeeue, O helpe our vnbeleife,  
and send vs not away without releife.

XXXVIII.



FATHER of mercie, rich in grace and peace,  
the Comforter of them that are distrest,  
that hast no ioy in sinfull man's decease,  
or that his soule should bee to hell deprest.

But of thy loue euen when wee were thy foes,  
diddest send downe thy deare beloued Son,  
that all that do there faith in him repose,  
might liue eternally where thou doest won.

Let not my sins for which I waile and greiue,  
rescue me of gracious hearing of my plaint;  
but heare me, Lord, and tender my complaint,  
and with the crums of mercie me relieue.

O say vnto my soule that waits on thee,  
Thy guilt I pardon, rise and follow mee.

XXXIX.



SINCE, heavenly Father ! 'tis thy will I live,  
thy grace I pray thee to thy seruant giue,  
to stay me that my feete slip not at all,  
and raise me if at any time I fall.  
Grant that I haue desire to seeke thy face,  
seeking to find thee, finding to embrace.  
Superfluous care of welth weede from my hart ;  
Vnto thy seruant sweete content impart,  
Beare thou me vp walking on this world's waue,  
and beare with me, though many faults I haue.

AMEN.

XL.



UT from the depth of balefull wretchednesse,  
wherein my sinnes haue plunged me, I cry;  
Let not thy iustice waighe my guiltinesse,

for Jesus' sake haue mercie, els I dye.

Lord, turne away thy wrath and frowning ire,

for I am weake, thou knowst I am but dust,

Wilt thou consume a worme in endles fire?

ô rather spare, for in thee do I trust.

For t'honor of thy mercy let me liue,

and send me space and grace to turne to thee,

which I can neuer do, vnlesse thou giue

thy holy Spirit to teach and gouerne mee;

ô let my praiers vnto thy throne ascend;

and for thy mercie's sake let grace descend.

AMEN.

XLI.



DEERE Redeemer, that hast paid the price  
of our saluation, euen thy deereſt bloud,  
thyſelfe being Preiſt, and eke the ſacrifice,  
ſuffring extremest evill for our good ;  
Vouchſafe me to pertake thy ſauing helth,  
thy holy croſſe, oh ſtampe vpon my hart ;  
ſeale me for thine, leaſt Sathan come by ſtelth,  
and ſeize vpon me with his cruell dart.  
Hartily I beſeech thee, guide my feete,  
that I may walke the path that leades to reſt ;  
and when I needes muſt with temptations meete,  
ſtrengthen me leaſt my weakeneſſe bee oppreſt ;  
For thou alone art all my ſtrength and ſtay,  
in thee I conquere, ſans thee I decay.

XLII.



FATHER eterne, almightie God of spirits,

Creator and Redeemer of mankind,

Whose iudgments are most deepe, whose wisdomer merits  
that endles praise should bee to thee assign'd.

2. With fauor bow thine eare to my request,  
and let thy seruants cry come vnto thee ;  
ô do not let my praier to thee addrest,  
retorne in vaine, for thy hand framed mee.
  
3. Vnlose my soule chain'd with the bonds of syn,  
although she hath rebeld against thy hest ;  
for I confesse my guilt and neuer lyn,  
with teares my penitence to manifest.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

4. Daily I mourne, nightlie I crie for grace,  
hourely my sorrowes as my sins encrease;  
ô haue compassion of my wretched case,  
shew mercy, my great debt, ô Lord, release.

For if in rigor thou exact what 's due,  
Who can be sau'd, or who found iust and true?



XLIII.



CANNOT with this arme of flesh and blood,  
or with my heau'n-breathd soule so highly sore,  
T'enact the thinge, Lord! which thy lawe calls good,  
much lesse performe what it commands and more,

2. Thou art the God of wisdom, and thou knowst  
how farre my nature falleth short of this,  
of active righteousness I cannot boast,  
my best wordes, workes, and thoughts being all amisse.
3. How then shall I attaine to righteousness?  
how shall I do the things with which thou art pleas'd?  
What balme is there to cure my unworthinesse,  
whereby my afflicted conscience might be eas'd?

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

---

4. Surely in heauen and earth ther's none but thee,  
    ô gracious Redeemer, God and man,  
that can from syn and death enfranchise mee;  
    out from thy side both blood and water ran.  
one drop wherof can clense and heale me quite,  
and make me worthy in my Father's sight.

XLIV.



INNOCENT Lambe, that wert to slaughter led,  
and sacrific'd on th' alter of the crosse,  
to quicken those that in their sinns ly dead,  
and to repaire our first forefather's losse;  
Oh heare the humble praier I make to thee;  
Grant that by virtue of thy suffrings great,  
from culpe and paine of sin, I may bee free.  
Spare me thy seruant worthy to bee beate:  
I haue no hope but in thy grace alone,  
tho'art all my refuge and my sure defence;  
ô let thy sauing health to mee be showne,  
as I repose in thee my confidence.


AMEN.

XLV.



EE sonnes of men that seeke for happinesse,  
some by vaine pleasure, some b' ambition ;  
and some by riches, got with gredinesse :  
cease now at length your fruitlesse inquisition.  
Behold, a King, both mightie, rich, and young,  
that had his fill of euery sensuall pleasure,  
whose glorious name throughout the world hath rung,  
whose victories stor'd him with heapes of treasure :  
Behold, I say, this King, this Prophett, rather  
finding this glory smoke, this treasure rust,  
this pleasure paine, as a most louing Father,  
to teach vs wretches whereupon to trust,  
Proclaimes him blest whose syns be quite remitted,  
and whose transgressions couered and acquitted.

XLVI.

HY wilt thou perish, my vnrighteous soule ?  
thinke on the dreadfull day of sinners' doome ;  
be wise, at last forsake thy errors foule,  
and striue t' obtaine in heauen a happy roome.  
Striue euen with all thy might t' attaine that blis ;  
Repent, beleue, pray with a feruent hart—  
Do good, shew mercie, and thou shalt not mis  
of ioyes eternall to receiue a part ;  
But if the frailty of thy flesh and blood,  
hinder thee to performe these holy deedes;  
fly to the giuer of each perfitt good,  
and beg of him the grace thy weaknesse needes.  
Beg humbly, but with confidence t' obtaine,  
from him no faithfull praier retorns in vaine.

XLVII.



OD hath provided meate and raiment meete,  
and in due season stored mee with both ;  
my cup doth overflow with wine most sweete,  
his plenteous dewes make mee shoote vp in groth.  
My bones are full of marrow, my limbs strong ;  
my wife (my vine) beareth mee kindly frute ;  
my ioies encrease, my sorrowes are not long,  
for God doth neuer leaue mee destitute.  
Hee is my buckler, fortresse, and defence,  
therefore I liue secure from hurt of foes ;  
and for in him I put my confidence,  
my soule shall neuer tast eternall woes.

He is my God, his power is ouer all ;

he is my Sauour, how then can I fall ?

XLVIII.



LORD, I, (as best I can,) for grace receiu'd,  
retorne the tribute due to thy great name,  
blessing thy mercy that my soule releiu'd,  
when she in thrall of sin was bound with shame.  
When she in thrall of sin was bound with shame,  
thy loue did find mee out, and set me free,  
without vpbraiding me with deseru'd blame,  
or iustly punishing the faults of mee.  
Thy power ioyn'd with th' immensnesse of thy grace,  
wrought this great miracle of my release ;  
which in my hart engrau'n as surest place,  
shall a memoriall stand till my life cease.  
Yea, after death, when I shall rise againe ;  
and by thy fauor enter into blis,  
among thy Saints, and thine elected traine,  
I'le magnifie thy name that glorious is.

XLIX.



H' essentiall Image of th' Eternall Good,  
that by his word the world of nothing made,  
came downe from heau'n and tooke true flesh and blood  
of Abram's daughter, Euer blessed mayde !  
Hee did not take the Angell's purer forme ;  
but of his loue to vs, no loue deseruing,  
abast himselfe, and was esteem'd a worme ;  
and was both borne and died for our preseruing.  
O mistery, all humaine sence transcending—  
ô loue most infinite ! ô grace ! ô glory !  
behold heau'n ope, and God himselfe descending,  
to saue the lost, and to make glad the sory.

Stand ope, yee liuing temples of the Lord ;  
stand ope, and entertaine this heauenly word.



Ancient Devotional Poetry.

L.



Q UEN as an organ sounds not, wanting wind,  
so Lord ! without the breath of thy sweete grace,  
I cannot sing thy praise with cheerfull mind,  
or make my praiers ascend before thy face.  
Inspire me first, and then with sounding voice,  
my soule shall warble holie hymmes of thee ;  
that all which heare me, shall in hart reioice,  
and long to beare a part of praise with mee.  
of grauest musike, sweetest tones shall flie,  
from me the instrument of thy due praise ;  
nor shall their harmony in silence die,  
till it haue fill'd the world with diuine layes.  
Till it haue wak't some soules that sleepe in syn,  
it shall not die ; but with attractiue power  
allure the mindes of them that brutest byn,  
by faith with mee t' approach thy heau'nly bower.

LI.

OF THE HOLIE SCRIPTURE.



THOU art a mirror that doest faire enclose,  
th' idea of th' eternall Maker's will.  
Thou art the simple truth that wisely shoves  
the path that leades to the most holy hill.  
Our Sauour's testament thou 'doest containe,  
the euidence of all our future blis ;  
thou art the star that guides vs to attaine  
the blessed mantion where our Sauour is.  
ô may that wholesome word contain'd in thee,  
neuer depart out of my mouth and mind ;  
but euer bee a guide and light to mee,  
to walke the path my Sauour hath assign'd ;  
which path leades vs vnto the heau'nly rest,  
where ioyes are greater then can be exprest.

LII.



HOW my soule thirsting to haue her fill,  
of t'heauenly wisdom of thy testimonies,  
attentiuely markes thy reuealed will,  
and sucketh in thy gracious promises.  
She laies them vp in closett of my hart,  
faithfully trusting in thy helpe at neede ;  
for thou the God of truth and mercy art,  
thy word is followed with performing deed.  
Let Sathan rore, the world raise tempests on mee ;  
the waues of trouble beate against my side—  
tempestuous gusts blow all their spite vpon mee,  
yet will I not be faint or terrifide ;  
For how can he be shaken or confounded,  
that on the rock of truth is built and grounded.

LIII.



AD not thy mercies far surpass'd my merit,  
th' infernall pitt had swallowed mee ere this ;  
nor should my guiltie and sin-laden spirit

now call for grace to heale what is amis.

But thou, ô gracious God, desiring euer  
the sinful man's conuersion, not his fall,  
diddest forbear with a iust stroke to seuer  
me from all hope of fauor spirituall.

And since that hitherto thy loue alone  
hath saued mee from well-deserued shame,  
Repent the not of that thy fauor showne ;  
but saue my soule to glorifie thy name.

Saue me for Christ his sake, that vnderwent  
death's paines for me that I might not bee shent.

LIV.



ARDON, O Lord, my sins for which I mourne,  
and do not cast me from thy presence quite ;  
I waile, I weepe, my hart is inly torne,  
to thinke how I haue liued in thy sight,  
and how ingratefull I haue euer beene,  
for all thy blessings I haue felt and seene.

2. I do accuse my selfe of euery sin—

I know my guiltinesse, my errors stand  
before my face, shewing what I haue bin,  
and how I still remaine in Sathan's band,  
from whence, O let thy mercie set me free,  
for his deare sake that hath redeemed mee.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

3. My praiera, my teares, my spirit-renting grones,  
durst not presume to take their flight to thee ;  
but that thy Sonne, who thee and man attones,  
inuites all burdened soules to come to thee ;  
Therefore, I come by faith on him relieng,  
that thou wilt helpe mee ; sure thou hear'st my crying !

4. Hasten, ô God, to make me cleane within,  
thy holy spirit purge mee of earthly drosse,  
melt me in flames of loue, and then begin  
to stampe on mee thy image and thy crosse.  
Marke mee for thine, for thine I long to bee,  
Whome thoughe I serue, yet am I perfitt free.

LV.



HAT Aduocate haue wee, ô Christ! but thee,  
ther's none in heauen, much lesse on earth, can saue  
our sinfull soules from hell's captiuitie  
but thou : Thou to redeeme vs freely gaue  
thy selfe to shamefull death vpon a tree,  
where thou, ô Lambe, wert sacrific'd and slayne,  
to satisfie our debt and sett us free ;  
and that wee might God's fauor reobtaine.  
No saint but needed washing in thy blood ;  
Angells refuse to be honored of vs,  
therefore to thee alone, ô soueraigne good,  
wee make our praiers in seasons perillous,  
beleeuing, stedfastly that thou wilt heare vs,  
and that thy mercy in due time will cheere vs.

LVI.



H, what soule-pleasing solace do they proue,  
that spend their daies in service in thy court;  
they tast the sweetnesse of thy grace, thy loue  
inflames their soules with ioy aboue report.

Vnto the musique of the spheres they sing,  
eternall praise to thee, immortall king.

O how my soule desires to haue a seate  
in that sweete quire that shee may sing thy praise;  
and magnifie thee for thy mercies great,  
that mee from death to life vouchsaf'st to raise.

Lord, since to mee such fauor hath ben showne,  
by mee let thy sweete mercy bee made knowne.



LVII.



OYEE the sonnes of men, come ioyne with mee,  
with hart and voice to sing th' Eternall's praise;  
for he is gracious, and his mercies bee,  
endles and euerlasting as his daies.

Let vs remember when wee went astray,  
and found no place of refuge in our needes;  
when for great anguish wee did pine away,  
and our soules fainted for their foule misdeedes.

How then wee cried, with troubled hart and mind,  
to bee deliuered from that great distresse;  
and magnifie his mercy that inclin'd  
to pittie vs, and vs so soone release.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

O therefore, with most chearefull hart and voice,  
let vs assemble in his holy place ;  
t'extoll his name with praise, and to reioice  
for our deliuerance by his only grace.

Let 's bend our knees with humble reuerence,  
and banish feare, now wee approach his throne ;  
sing cherefully, *God is our sure defence ;*  
*the horne and rock of our saluation.*

*In him wee liue, hee hath created vs ;*  
*wee are the sheepe that in his pastures feede,*  
*whome hee doth driue to springs delicious,*  
*of liuing waters, where wee nothing neede.*

*Wee feele no sorrowe, none hath cause to mone,*  
*his rod and staff do comfort us each one.*

LVIII.



ESU, th' eternall life of them that die in thee :  
thy iust and holy will be finished in mee,  
whether thou please I liue to serue thy holy name,  
or that my bodie turne to dust, from whence it came.  
Sure I am nothing 's lost, that is to thee comended ;  
therefore, with willing hart, this flesh that oft offended,  
I will lay downe in hope, that when the dead shall rise,  
my soule, and it throughe thee, shall liue in Paradise.

LIX.



WASH mee in the lauer of thy mercie, Lord,  
els dare I not appeare before thy face ;  
for, as a leper, lothsome, and abhor'd,  
I am bespotted with my sinne's disgrace.  
The brinish riuers of my teares cannot  
make cleane but one of my spots infinite.  
No helpe's in me, to perish is my lot,  
Vnles thy pittie daigne to wash me white ;  
Therefore, to thee alone, God only good,  
with hart contrite and broken, I repaire,  
Vouchsafe that some of thy most pretious blood,  
may bee obtain'd by this my humble praier ;  
To wash away my sinnes that are so fowle,  
and sanctifie my body and my soule.

AMEN.

LX.



HERE shall I go or turne me, wretched wight?  
Wofull and helplesse, whither shall I flie;  
my secret sinns will all bee brought to light,  
nought can bee hid from God's alseeing eie.

2. O whether shall my guiltie soule repaire,  
to haue some refuge from God's indignation?  
to whome shall I my wofull state declare,  
that am to heau'n and earth abomination?
3. The arrowes of th' offended Maiestie  
of great Jehouah stick within my brest;  
the worrne of conscience gnawes; I haue no rest,  
but day and night my sinnes against me crie.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

4. What then, ô wretched sinner, wilt thou do ?

Dispaire ? ô God, forbid ! Call to thy mind

That God is mercifull, his promise true,

That Christ is the Redeemer of mankind.

5. Lay hold on him, sole refuge of the poore,

beleue in him, the God of grace and peace ;

to him, the true Phisition, shew thy sore,

for he alone can heale thy fowle disease.

6. Come to him humbly, let thy teares expresse

the heauie sorrowes of thy contrite hart :

Cry out for grace to purge thy wickednesse,

Striue, get a blessing from him, ere thou part.

LXI.

**A**BISSE of mercie, heare the crie  
of me th' abisse of miserie.  
Couer my sinnes, I thee entreate,  
put me not from thy Merci-seate,  
till thou remitt offences past.  
Let not thine anger euer last ;  
if thou my sinnes, in Justice scan,  
I am but dust, a worme, no man ;  
but if thy grace remitt my sin,  
then will my life and ioy begin.  
ô therefore, let thy sauing grace  
make my poore soule her dwelling-place ;  
and grant me that I may obtaine  
thy fauor to asswage my paine,  
which grows so great that life will fade,  
vnlesse thou daigne thy present aide.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

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ô heare! ô pittie! ô forgiue!

Let me not perish, Lord, but liue  
to serue thee with unfained hart,  
for fredome from deserued smart.

**AMEN.**



LXII.



H let mee walke vpright, led by thy grace,  
Deere Sauour, let not follie blind mee more ;  
but take thou in my hart the chefest place,  
and raigne thou there where Sin the sceptre bore.  
Be thou my Soueraigne, as of right thou art,  
gouverne and rule me by thy holie law ;  
Put thy yoke on me, and with cheerfull hart,  
behold, thy easie burthen I will draw.  
The doing of thy will shall bee my pleasure,  
to honor thee, my studie and desire,  
to bee content with what thou giu'st, my treasure,  
thy grace, the crowne to which I will aspire.  
Ah, Lord, vouchsafe to bring mee to this state,  
rather than faile through the narrow gate.

AMEN.

LXIII.



SONNE of the Virgin most immaculate,  
who, to sett ope the heauenlie kingdome's gate  
to true beleeuers, diddest tread alone  
the winepresse, and so God and man attone ;  
ô let one drop of that most most pretious iuice,  
which from thy side did flow as from a sluice,  
fall to my share, one drop will satisfie  
my soule, ô Lord, do not a drop denie.  
Giue to my thirstie soule that waites on thee  
a tast how sweete thy sauing mercies bee.  
Giue, for I meritt not ; my faith relies  
on thy free grace which neuer did despise  
the sinner that repented, and forsooke  
the euill waies that formerly hee tooke.

LXIV.

**B**E thou, ô Lambe of God, my Aduocate,  
Vnto the heauenlie Father's maiestie :  
Entreate that these my teares may mitigate  
the rigor of his iust seueritie.  
And where for all the terme of my life past,  
my soule hath ben a bond—slaue to the Diuell ;  
her loue, hereafter, shall on thee be plas't,  
and I will cease to do the thing that's euill :  
Which that I may effect, ô grant this howre  
that saw mee sin, may see me dy vnto it ;  
for, but thy holy Spirit's allmightie powre  
aide and asist mee, I can neuer do it,  
I'me but a branch of the corrupted tree,  
whose roote, leaues, fruite, for euer evill bee.

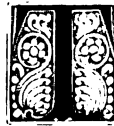
LXV.



HOLY Spirit, assist me with thy grace,  
and ope mine eies that I may see my shame ;  
how lewdlie I haue lin'd before thy face,  
and how I still perseuer in the same.  
ô holy Comforter of all distrest,  
behold my wretched state and pittie mee ;  
Lend help at lenght, inspire within my brest  
thy wholesome counsells to recomfort mee ;  
ô daigne t' inhabite in my house of clay,  
and purifie it with thy clensing power ;  
my ouglie sins let them bee chas'd away.  
Regenerate me, Lord ; ô let this hower  
Be the last instant of my fowle offending,  
and blest beginning of my liue's amending.

AMEN.

LXVI.



THE curse that for my sinnes I well deserue,  
Lord, for thy mercie's sake auert from mee ;  
O do not narrowly my life obserue,  
least there be found no wedding robe on mee.  
Couer my faults no lesse than infinite,  
lest veiwing them, they moue thee vnto ire ;  
But ô, behold thy sonne, my life and light,  
who did for me all that thy lawes require.  
To make attonement for my foule transgression,  
he offred vp himselfe a Sacrifice—  
ô heare! his wounds and stripes make intercession,  
to saue my soule, which at thy mercy lies,  
and hath no where to fly from thee displeas'd;  
but to thyselfe, by him in whome tho' art pleas'd.

LXVII.



PROSTRATE I lie before thy throne of grace,  
    prest with the waight of syn intollerable ;  
    I call, I cry, Lord ! from thy holy place,  
send helpe, and free me, wretch most miserable.  
only to thee I make my sorrows known,  
my greuous sorrows for my sins forepast ;  
Gratiouslie heare me, for in thee alone,  
the Anchor of my hope is fixed fast.  
The bowells of thy pittie turne to mee,  
for I am poore, and of a broken hart,  
fearing, ô Lord, to bee dispis'd of thee,  
if thou, in iustice, censure my desart.

I cannot stand in iudgment, therefore, Lord !  
thy sauing mercy to my soule afford.

AMEN.

Ancient Devotional Poetry.

LXX.



ET once againe, most gracious louing Father,  
thy iustly kindled indignation slake,  
Strike not thy offending child, pittie me rather,  
for thy deare sonne my only Sauour's sake.

I haue neglected what I should haue done,  
but Christ for me hath perfitly obaid ;  
I haue done that I should haue left vndone,  
but his great suffrings haue thy wrath allaid.

In him my confidence is firmly plac't,  
in him I know thy Majestie's well pleased,  
therefore I'me sure my sins shal bee defas't,  
Who put his trust in him that was not eased ?

I shal not die, but liue, my pardon's sealed ;  
Joy, angells—Lo ! a leprous sinner healed.

LXXI.



IDST thou not promise, Lord, t' our fathers old,  
to spare them if they would bee penitent;  
are not those gracious promises enrol'd

for our assurance in thy Testament?

O cloth thyselfe with mercie and with grace,  
And then wee shall b' imboldened t' implore thee,  
for, if in iustice thou wilt waighe our case,  
what mortall wight shall dare to come before thee.

Bee mild and mercifull, raine not vpon vs  
the punishments that our transgressions merit,  
make our hearts contrite, and haue mercie on vs;  
and ô direct vs with thy holy Spirit,  
to leaue our sinnes, and so our liues t' amend,  
that we m' adhere to thee world without end.

AMEN.



LXXII.



PON thy promises, Lord, wee relie,  
for they assure vs of eternall blis;  
on them our faith doth easilie descrie  
the land of promise where our Sauour is.  
Whether we know thy loue, all time outlasting,  
will one day bring vs for Emanuell's sake,  
that wee of ioy and pleasure euerlasting,  
with thee, thy sonne, and spirit may partake ;  
O blessed Lord, assure mee of this grace,  
to cheere me while I liue in vale of woe,  
and when I die let mercie mee embrace,  
and bring mee there where thine elect shal go,  
euen to the ioies which tongue cannot expresse,  
for Jesus' sake grant me this happinesse.

AMEN.

LXXIII.



HE poore in Spirit that know their misery,  
Whose contrite harte for their transgressions grone,  
And, void of helpe elsewhere, for succor cry,  
to him that heareth prayers, euen God alone,

God's word calls blessed and affirmes moreo're,  
that unto such his kingdom doth belong :  
Therefore my soule, prostrate at Mercie's dore,  
Wofully beg releife with grones most strong.

Let teares, cries, praiers, thy wretched state expresse,  
weepe bitterly, for greuons are thy sins;  
cry earnestly, for great is thy distresse,  
pray faithfully, such praier pittie wins.

LXXIV.



TERNALL God, whose dwelling is in light,  
which mortall men's weake eies cannot behold,  
who giuest the grace to call on thee aright,  
or els our praiers are fruitlesse, dull, and cold.

2. Prepare my spirit, rowze my affection  
to call vpon thee with vnfained hart ;  
Vouchsafe mee thy good Spirit's direction,  
so shall my praier be taken in good part.
3. Euen for the worthinesse of Jesus, grant  
thy gracious pardon to my sinfull soule,  
who, like the chased hart, doth bray and pant  
after the streames of grace that from thee roule.
4. Nothing but mercie can my soule content,  
her spirituall thirsting ô vouchsafe to slake ;  
Lord, shew thy mercie to the penitent,  
be gracious to mee for thy promise sake.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

5. Looke not vpon my person, but behold  
my Mediator on thy right hand plas't ;  
See, Lord, his woundes like open mouthes are bold,  
to mediate for thy image thoughe defas't.
6. ô let those agonies my Sauour bid,  
effectuallie quench thy consuming ire,  
and blot out all the trespasses I did  
when Sathan captiuated my desire.
7. Remember not the sinnes of my yong age,  
Examyne not their foulnesse in thine ire,  
thou know'st my flesh is but a filthie cage,  
the habitacle of vncleane desire.
8. But ope the windows of the heauens, thy seate ;  
let showres of grace on mee from thence descend,  
to wash away my sinnes past measure greate,  
which done, that I no more thy lawes offend,  
While in this vale of error I abide,  
giue mee thy Spirit of truth to bee my guide.

**AMEN.**

LXXV.



AN it bee hid from thee that I am weake,  
ô Diuine wisdomè ? nay, before I speake,  
thou know'st my wretched state, thou seest my teares,  
my mournfull plaint beefore thy throne appeares.  
Thou know'st my hunger for the spirituall foode,  
how thirst for grace euen drieth vp my bloode.  
Giue me, ô Lord, the crums faln from thy bord,  
ô to my soule one sauing helth afford,  
That I may be refresht before I die,  
ô heare, ô pittie, ô regard my crie ;  
ô let thy balme of mercie cure my smart,  
and heale my broken and afflicted hart.  
Let a repentant sinner fauor find,  
let a straid sheepe, ô Lord, be had in mind,

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

Seeke me, and bring mee back into thy fold,  
and there from further straieng me withhold.  
Thy coming was to saue vs from our sinnes,  
my soule in humble praier neuer linnes  
to beg for grace to purge my guilt away;  
clense me, ô Jesu, while it is to-day.

AMEN.

LXXVI.



SAUE thee, ô Lord, I haue no God at all,  
I trust vpon thy goodnesse and thy might,  
Thou art my Tower of strenght and brasen wall.  
to whome I flie now dangers mee affright ;  
I build my confidence on thee alone,  
God able to releiue in greatest needes ;  
ô let thy will and power conioyne in one,  
to wash away the guilt of my misdeedes.  
Turne not away thy fauorable face,  
because I merit not to haue thy fauer,  
But let me tast of thyne abundant grace,  
for the deare merits of Jesus Christ my Sauer,  
who gaue himselfe to death on this condition,  
that they which trust in him might haue remission.

LXXVII.



NOT in my merits, but thy mercies, Lord,  
seeke I saluation, for I am but dust;  
the best of workes my nature doth afford,

is but a broken reede whereon to trust.

Euen to thy honor I confesse my shame,

my leprosie is lothsome to behold ;

Ah ! for the honor of thy holie name,

clense mee from my corruptions manifold.

Forget, ô Lord, the errors of my youth,

forgiue the trespasses for which I mourne.

Pittie me, Lord, euen as a mother doth

her tender child with paine and anguish worne ;

ô say to mee, my hope and expectation,

Go, sin no more, I am thy soule's saluation.



LXXVIII.

**W**ITH face shame-couered and derected eie,  
with hart that for her trespasses is broken  
with soule that sorrowes more then can be spoken,  
I sinner, Lord ! before thy footestoole lie.

Vnable vtterlie to tell my greife,  
vnlesse thy Spirit do giue mee vtterance,  
dispairing euer to obtaine releife,  
vnlesse thy grace grant me deliuerance.

Ah ! for the honor of thy name encline,  
thy gracious care vnto my soule's request ;  
though I bee unworthy much, yet am I thine ;  
let not sin rob thee of thy interest.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

Why should I die in my transgression,  
since thou delightest not in sinner's fall,  
but do'st reioice in their conuersion,  
and giuest them a crowne of life withall.

Millions of sinners, in the ages past,  
haue had their free and generall pardon from thee,  
yet art thou still as gracious as thou wast,  
therfore I hope thou wilt haue mercie on mee.

Thou badst mee seeke, ô Lord, and I should find ;  
aske, and should receiue my hart's desire :  
I aske thy pardon, let me haue it sign'd,  
ah ! seale it to my soule I thee require.

LXXIX.



FATHER of mercie, God of peace and grace,  
who wishest not a sinner's ouerthrowe,  
but of thy tender pittie doest embrace,  
and cheare the soule that for her sinnes is woe:

Heare me thy seruant, penitent and sad,  
that in the shade of Death distressed lie,  
Behold the sighes wherewith my praier is clad,  
haue mercie on mee full of miserie.

ô call mee not to iudgment in thine ire,  
for why? my sinnes are great and infinite,  
who shall be sau'd, ô Lord, if thou require  
a strickt accompt? ther's no man liues vpright.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

Deare Lord, the lesse compassion I deserue,  
the greater will thy mercie bee to saue mee,  
Bottomellesse depth of mercie, O preserue  
the soule which thou of thine owne goodnesse gaue mee.

Grant mee to liue thy seruant, and henceforth  
with willing hart to do thy holy will,  
my nakednesse cloth with my Sauour's worth,  
my emptinesse, Lord, with thy fulnesse fill.

LXXX.



ERCIE and pittie in thine eies abide,  
yea, thou art mercie's selfe, ô God of grace,  
Therfore my miseries I do not hide,  
but vnto thee lay open my disgrace.

Ah ! pittie mee in whome no health remaines,  
from crowne to sole no part is free from sores ;  
Most gracious Lord, asswage my greuous paines,  
Thou hast the balme that dead to life restores.

ô true Samaritan, powre into mee,  
thy clensing wine and mollifieng oile;  
Bind vp my woundes with bands of Charitie,  
and leaue mee not abroad on the hard soile :  
But of thy pittie let me haue some place  
to lie within thy roofe, my liue's short space.

AMEN.

LXXXI.



STILL bewaile the sinnes that I haue done,  
yet do I still offend worse then before;

I see the thrid is naught that I haue spun,  
I hate my sin, yet sin I more and more.

ô fraile! ô vaine! ô most inconstant man!  
that seest what's good, yet choosest what is ill,  
whose sensuall lust, and most corrupted will,  
so curbe the better part, that nought it can.

ô thou that didst create the shining light,  
when all the world lay wrapt in duskie night,  
my crooked will make by thy word vpright,  
and let my stubborne flesh yeald to my spright,

That both together may agree in this,  
to do thy will, and so arrive at blis.

AMEN.

LXXXII.

**M**Y humble praier and invocation,  
with boldnesse to thy throne of mercie flies ;  
ô Lord, my strenght and my saluation,  
regard my humble sute with gracious eies.

Free me from the captiuitie of sin,  
in which my humane frailtie made me fall ;  
vnlose the chaines that I ly wrapped in,  
ô let me be no longer Sathan's thrall.

Visite mee, Lord, and ô performe to mee  
thy mercie promist to the penitent.  
Heare mee, ô gracious Sauour, for in thee  
my broken hart is firmly confident,  
that by thy bloodshed I shall bee releast,  
and by thy fauor in thy kingdome feast.

LXXXIII.

**B**OW downe thine eare, ô Lord, vnto my praier,  
admitt my sighings to haue audience,  
for vnto thee my faith bids mee repaier,

in thy sweete mercie is my confidence.

Saue mee, thy seruant, for I trust in thee ;

comfort my soule that waiteth for thy grace ;

ô lett mee heare thee say thou pardonst mee,

that word will wipe all sorrow from my face :

That word will make my broken bones reioice,

and cause a sinfull corse to liue againe :

ô worke this wonder with thy gracious voice ;

say but the word, and it will end my paine.

Speake to my soule that on thy word relies,

*I pardon thy sins past, henceforth bee wise.*



LXXXIV.



TURN E not away thy fatherly aspect ;  
Lord, cast not of thy seruant in thine ire ;  
as thou didst euer yet shew mee respect,  
so grant mee now mine humble soule's desire.

Forsake mee not that haue forsaken thee,  
call not to mynd the faults of my past yeares ;  
I am but dust, ô therefore pittie mee,  
and lett my praier come to thy gracious eares.

Forgiue my frailtie, ignorance, and syn,  
my wilfull blindnesse, stubborn hartednesse ;  
Remember not I haue a rebell byn,  
and plundg'd myselfe in euery wickednesse.

O pardon all that's past, and grant I may  
henceforth thy holie ordinance obay.

AMEN.

LXXXV.



SEE what 's good, yet choose I that is ill;  
my soule confesseth that God's lawe is holy,  
yet so corrupted is my wicked will,  
that I do sell myselfe a slaue to folly.

O wretched man, I do that which I hate,  
and what I would I cannot execute ;  
my bodie and my soule are prostitute,  
to euerie syn that lieth in the gate.

Thus God's pure image giuen mee in my birth,  
is quite defas't, no signe thereof appeares ;  
my siluer 's drosse, my gold is turned to earth,  
my wretched soule the Diuel's image beares :

His heauy yoke upon my neck doth lie,  
I am his thrall, but most vnwillinglie.

LXXXVI.



NOW are the powers of my soule deepe daunted,  
now shaken at the roote am I (weake tree ;)  
I stand confounded, see, see, I am haunted  
with feare and with despaire ; Lord ! rescue mee.

Though my deserts craue vengeance, yet be pleas'd  
t' afford me refuge in this raging storme ;  
Censure me not now, when thou art displeas'd,  
for I am but a poore and wretched worme.

Prostrate before thy footstoole I remaine,  
Deseruing death if all my synnes bee scan'd,  
but stedfastly beleuing to obtaine  
a free remission at thy gracious hand :

For my Redeemer liues, in whome I trust  
to haue my sin forgiuen, and be made iust.

LXXXVII.



THOU that from heauen diddest vouchsafe descend,  
into the wombe of the most blessed Maide,  
and thence vnto the Crosse diddest ascend,  
where both our guilt and paine on thee was laide.

Heare me, ô heare mee! truly penitent,  
lamenting my neglects and imperfections ;  
my soule with sorrowe is a sunder rent,  
to thinke vpon her manifold defections.

ô pittie him that trusts on thee alone,  
releeue my soule oppressed with her guilt,  
comfort the comfortlesse, ô Corner stone,  
my confidence vpon thy grace is built ;

Free me therefore from sin's and Sathan's powre,

ô thou, my Lord and onlie Sauour.

AMEN.

LXXXVIII.



THE sinnes that I remember oft with teares,  
ô Lord, do thou forgett, for if they come  
into thy presence when my praier appeares,  
I can exspect nought but a sinner's dome.

2. Turne, turne thy face away from my misdeedes,  
so many, so exorbitant, so foule,  
that veiwing them my hart for sorrow bleedes;  
oh, wofull state of my sin-burthened soule !
3. Remitt my debt, Lord ! for thy mercie's sake,  
for I'me non-soluent, vtterlie decaid ;  
the paiment that I would I cannot make ;  
accept my will to paie for paiment made.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

4. But if thy iustice, Lord, do yet require  
a perfitt satisfaction of my det,  
behold my Sauour on thy right hand set,  
hee'l pay for me all that thou can'st desire.

Is not hee, Lord ! thy Sonne that pleaseth thee ?  
accept his paiment then, and set me free.

**AMEN.**

LXXXIX.



that my praier had wings of loue and zeale,  
to mount vp to the merci-seate of God,  
that I might there my penitence reueale,  
and find some fauor to escape this rod.

Ah, Lord! behold mee, wretched man, confounded  
with feare and greife because I went astray ;  
my soule with endlesse sorrow is surrounded,  
because I chose the broad and euill way.

Behold me, but with a compassionate eie!  
pittie my soule that languisheth with greife ;  
though I deserue it not, ô heare my crie,  
and for my Sauior's sake send me releife.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

Hee, by his death, opened the gate of blis,  
for euery true beleeeuer t' enter in ;  
Lord, I beleeeue that painfull death of his  
effectuallie can clense mee from my sin.

If thou but say, Bee it so, it will bee done,  
Good father, comfort thus thy vnworthy sonne.

**AMEN.**



Ancient Devotional Poetry.

XC.



O Lord! my soule waites on thy gracious hand,  
expecting all her good from thee alone,  
o daine my humble praier to vnderstand,  
regard my contrite hart's continuall mone ;  
wipe out the guilt of syn that staines my soule,  
repriue thy darling from the Diuell's pawe ;  
ô let thy Spirit henceforth my flesh controule,  
and my desire from worldly things withdrawe.  
Teach me to prize obedience to thy lawe,  
aboue the ioyes this flesh or world afford ;  
ô giue me strength thy easie yoke to drawe ;  
make mee a constant louer of thy word,

That when temptations come I may not quaile,  
but gainst flesh, world, and feind I may preuaile.

AMEN.

XCI.



NOT forgett the faultes of my yong age,  
flagitiouslie comitted in thy sight;

But, Lord, forgett thou them, least thy iust rage  
deprive my soule of thee, my life and light.

The ouglinesse of mine offences woundes mee  
with shame, and almost with despaire to view them,  
the terror of thy iudgments euen confoundes mee,  
I lou'd my sinnes not more than now I rue them.

Be pleas'd therfore to heare the intercession  
Of thy Sonne Jesus, that to mercie moues thee;  
Remember that he died for my transgression;  
heare him, for I am confident he loues mee :

Hee came to seeke the lost, to heale the sore,

Now I am found, ô Lord, my health restore.

AMEN.

XCII.



UNHAPPY I, of all helpe quite forlorne,  
whome God and man for sin do iustlie scorne ;  
where shall I goe, or turne mee? whether flie ?  
who will haue mercie of my miserie ?  
To God I scarce dare lift mine eie for grace,  
for ô how haue I sinn'd before his face ;  
on earth no refuge can I euer find,  
that am a scorne and scandall to mankind ;  
ô then what shall I do ? shall I despaire ?  
Ah no : let mee not bee mine owne soule's slayer,  
For God is mercifull, my Sauour liues,  
who to repentant sinners pardon giues.  
Hee is alone my refuge and sure trust,  
hee that first made mee of the lowlie dust  
after his image, and when I was lost  
redeem'd mee, will not lose the price I cost.  
To thee, therefore, ô Lambe of God, I crie,  
to thee, ô Christ ! I shew my miserie,

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

my broken hart to thee alone appeares,  
thou hear'st the voice of my repentant teares :  
my grones vnutterable ô respect,  
who neuer yet didst contrite hart neglect.  
Heare not the voice of my most leud offences,  
the raging lion's manifold pretences ;  
ô stopp, and of thy wonted fauor grant  
some grace and mercie to relieue my want.  
My laboring soule, seeking for rest and ease,  
finds nothing in her meritts to appease  
thy iust incensed wrath ; ô therefore send  
Grace to begin, where flesh and blood do end.  
Behold a greater burthen lies vpon mee  
then I can beare ; shew then some mercie on mee.  
Remember, Jesu, what thou saidst and didst,  
what torment, what reprochfull death thou bidst,  
to heale the woundes of trulie penitent ;  
and since that thou hast taught mee to repent,  
and rince my soule with teares of true contrition ;  
heale thou my wounds with balsame of remission.      **AMEN.**

XCIII.



OW that the Christian flock makes their repaire  
vnto thy house, ô Lord! the house of praier,  
let not my soule sit idely in her neast,  
but rouze her vp to celebrate thy feast.  
Inspire me with thy Spirit, that I may sing  
the praises due to thee, my God and King.  
Teach me to pray with all thy holie ones ;  
furnish mee with vnutterable grones,  
that I may waile my sinnes, and crie for grace ;  
and when my praier shall come before thy face,  
heare it, and for the merit and intercession  
of Jesus Christ, forgiue my foule transgression ;  
and send thy spirit henceforth to gouerne mee,  
that I may loue and feare nothing but thee.

AMEN.

XCIV.



HE Crowne that platted on the sacred Head,  
di'de both it selfe and that sweete face with blood,  
did wee consider of vnto our good,  
would quite abate our pride and lofti-head.  
Those hairens disordered, and that wofull face,  
all our vaine glory would at once expell;  
that bitter potion could not but displace  
that lust which was the cause that Adam fell.  
Who is 't can heare him with compassion  
praying for his tormentors, and yet hate  
his enemy, nay, brother? when I see  
earthquake and darknes at thy passion,  
who diedst to bring mee to a blisfull state,  
weeping, I melt, Jesus, in thanks to thee.

XCV.



GOOD Father, heare this praier of my hart,  
and comfort me with thy most holie spirit;  
for, but thou daine to ease mee of my smart,  
I die the death that my offences merit.  
Pittie thy creature, well nigh dead with greife  
to thinke vpon my sinnes so infinite;  
be pleas'd to send me vndeserv'd releife;  
consider, Lord, my miserable plight.  
I cannot long subsist, vnlesse thou giue mee  
some of thy grace to wash my guilt away,  
nothing but thy compassion can releiue mee;  
affoord it, Lord, that I may liue to say,  
I straied in vale of Death, but mercy sought mee,  
and to the ioies of life eternall brought mee.

XCVI.



WITH greife of hart, with sighes, and lamentacōn  
that I haue sinn'd against thy holie lawe,  
I come to thee, the God of my saluation :  
ah ! from my sute do not thine eare withdraw ;

hath not thy holie Spirit inlightened me,  
to see the foulnesse of my life forespent ;  
and loth my sin that hath displeased thee,  
and for thy sore displeasure to lament ?

Thus, Lord, thou hast begun to bring me home  
from desert Syn, in which I went astray :  
Cast not of, therefore, before I come  
into thy fold where I so long to stay,

But finish, Lord, in me thy worke begun,  
for the deare merits of thine only Son.

AMEN.



XCVII.



RETORNE, my Soule, to sorrow for thy faultes ;  
let not the world from godly mourning stay thee ;  
Lament thy weaknesse to endure assaults,  
cry out for help, or Sathan sure will slay thee.

Doest thou not every moment add a syn  
vnto the burthen that depresseth thee ?  
and canst thou from repentant weeping lyn,  
as if thou felt'st not what oppresseth thee ?

Remember what 's the wages of transgression  
both here and in the life that is to come :  
ô thinke vpon the last and generall Session,  
where every sinner shall receiue his dome.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

Let these things moue thee haue a liuely sence  
of thy greate burthen, and to sue for grace  
before the day come thou must go from hence :  
for looke, in whatsoener wofull case

Death leaues thee in, the same when thou shalt rise,  
Judgment will find thee ; Thinke this, and bee wise.

XCVIII.

**L**ORD, when I heard thy voice I was ashamed,  
and strove to hide mee from thy wrath inflamed.  
But thy alknowing power hath quickly found mee,  
and on the bed of deadlie sicknesse bound mee,  
where now I lye and cry with voice outstretched ;  
shew mercie, Lord, vnto a sinner wretched :  
ô remember not how I haue displeas'd thee,  
but how my Sauour Christ, thy Son, hath pleas'd thee.

Heare me, Lord, let my crieng win me some fauour  
from thee, my Sauour :

Do not veiw what offences I haue comitted  
or good omitted.

But for the loue of him in whome tho'art pleased,  
heale mee diseased.

Say to my soule, ô thou mine expectation,  
I'me thy saluation.

**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

---

So farre, Deare Lord, from thee my ioie absented,  
how can I liue contented ?

This world affords no pleasure but deadlie paineth ;  
this life, the more it growes, the sooner wayneth.

All ioies are paines without thee ;  
But where thou shin'st thou gladdest all about thee :  
Thou art the Bridegroomme that with ioy vnitest  
thy Spouse to thee, and in her loue delightest.  
ô life ! ô light ! o Loue ! decaiyng neuer,  
Joine me to thee by grace now and for euer.

XCIX.



HE burthen of my sin's so great, that I  
sinke downe, euen vnto hell, vnder the waight:  
ô Lord, that know'st this, my soule's wretched state;  
help me, least vnderneath their lode I die.

Despise not these my grones and lamentation ;  
slight not my teares and sighes of true contrition ;  
but of thy wonted sweete compassion  
comfort my soule with free remission.

Didst thou not call such burdened soules as mine  
to come to thee, and thou woldst ease their paine ?  
to thee I come, ô Lord ! let me obtaine  
to bee disburdened of my sinfull crime.

Why shold I perish, Lord, that trust in thee ?  
surely I shall not, thou'lt disburden mee.


**Ancient Devotional Poetry.**

C.



**S**OULE, bee not so dejected ;  
feare not, thy praiers and teares shall bee respected ;  
in faith and hope perseuer ;  
no faithfull suiter was reiecte euer ;  
humbly before his sacred footestoole lyeng,  
vntill he ease thee neuer cease thy crying ;  
ther's none but God that's able to releiue thee,  
ther's nothing that in Christ he will not giue thee.  
**Aske,** and thou shalt receiue, seeke and assure thee  
thy earnest seeking comfort will procure thee.


CL.

ONSIDER well, my soule, the sinfullst liuing,  
to whome thou powrest out thy supplication;  
is it not God, immortall, euerliuing,  
that hath all sinners in abomination ?

Ah ! let an awfull reuerence hold thee in,  
take heed vnto thy speech and thy behaiour,  
least that thy praier bee turned into sin,  
and that it should appease, displease thy Sauour.

haue thou a liuely sense of thy distresse,  
vnto the lowest center prostrate fall,  
with floods of teares confesse thy guiltinesse,  
with broken sighes and grones for mercie call.

CII.

ORD, that in loue and great humiliation  
cans't downe from heau'n, thy glorious habitation,  
to visit them that in their sinnes lay dead,  
to heale the sick and giue the hungry bread.

Vouchsafe to looke vpon my wretched state ;  
ô heare me ! lieng at thy mercie gate ;  
see how I am captiv'd by deadlie sin,  
ah ! view the chaines that I lie wrapped in :

and by thy word, on which my soule depends,  
command me to be loosed from these feinds,  
that I may freely walke in thy right waies,  
and for my freedome dailie sing thy praise.



CIII.



**T**HAT I haue hetherto in safety lien  
vnder the shadow of thy gracious wing,  
that in thy Gospell's glorious sunshine,  
I liue the subiect of thee, heauenly king ;  
that when for breaking of thy holie lawes,  
I merited eternall condemnation,  
thou didst not giue me vp into Hell's iawes,  
but didst forgiue my abomination ;  
that I haue had my health and libertie,  
and euerie blessing my fraile nature needed,  
all these from thy meere mercie haue proceeded ;  
a gracious father hast thou bin to mee ;  
ô bee so still, for his sake that was slaine,  
to ransome sinners from eternall paine.

CIV.



THE birds that here so merily do sing,  
and make these woods with their sweete carolls ring,  
methinkes do meete to praise with one accord,  
th' allmighty power of their most gracious Lord,  
who made them, and with plenty feeds them all,  
from the greate Eagle to the Nightingall.  
Then rise, my soule, my harpe and voice awake,  
before the day to God confession make,  
sing a new song, extoll his providence,  
and magnify his great beneficence ;  
let both thy Violl and thy Lute resound,  
what grace in thy distresses thou hast found.  
Begin thou first, and thou shalt quickly see  
the Cherubins and Seraphins agree,  
and ioyne their voices to the Spheres' sweete sound,  
to make both heauen and earth God's praise resound :  
ô joy ! when Angells ioyne with men to sing  
the praises due to our immortall King.

Ancient Devotional Poetry.

CV.

**I** EACH me thy will, ô Lord, that I may do it,  
that haue known long what I should do to please thee,  
'tis time I now begin to fall vnto it,  
to do thy will, and flee what will displease thee.

But when I go about it, let m' endever  
with all my hart (for loue of thee, my Maker,  
and not for feare) in thy waies to perseuer,  
that I, with thine elect, may bee partaker,  
here, in this vale of teares, of those sweete graces  
that wont refresh the soules of thine elected;  
let me participate in holy places  
with thy deare Sts., [saints] and with them bee protected;  
and in the world to come, for Jesus' meritt,  
the blessed vision of thee, Lord, inheritt.

AMEN.

CVI.



MY flesh that wont rebell against thy law,  
Lo, Lord ! by it is now so brought in aw,  
so castigated by thy discipline,  
that to thy seruice it doth now incline ;  
it goes with me vnto the house of praier,  
where it was wont but seldome to repaire,  
it humble, prostrate, quiet, comes before thee,  
it feruent is, and constant to adore thee :  
if on thyne alter, Lord, I sacrifice it  
to thee, I hope that thou wilt not despise it,  
thou hast subdued it to thy will and pleasure,  
tis thyne owne creature, part of thyne owne treasure.  
o ! let it bee accepted in thine eies,  
as is the holy euening sacrifice.

AMEN.



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